

# The Tyranny Of the Tailor

Wear What He Orders and Wear It the Way He Commands, Whether You Like the Style Or Not, If You Want to Be Happy

What will we not do to look stylish? The biggest bully in the world is the tailor and even the ready-made clothes salesman will take up the bullying if he dares. You know nothing. The tailor knows it all. If you presume to tell him how to cut your clothing he gets mad. He informs you that his house cannot be disgraced by turning out inferior work. He is the lord of creation and king of all and knows styles. When he gets through with you he turns you out in some crazy attire you would not wish to be seen at a dog fight in, but you soon get used to it after the first feeling of conspicuousness wears off and you meet others dressed as outlandishly as yourself.

shop again. Why, Madeleine, he bullied you, positively bullied you." "Let me ask you," returned the tall girl, "if ever in your life you had to go to a man tailor?" "No, thank heaven, I never did," returned the other.

"I thought so. If you had you wouldn't ask if I were coming tomorrow at 4. Certainly I am. I was to assist at Mrs. Tingle's reception, but she goes to Mannheim herself, and, when I tell her I am to have a fitting, she will understand. But, honestly, Marjorie, I would do almost anything in the world to get out of coming here twice a year for suits. It is like a foretaste of the inferno, I guess. But what am I to do? I must have clothes. Those in



The biggest bully is the ladies' tailor. Don't dare question his authority. He knows what you want and you will get it.

He puts his victims on a block just as the slave auctioneers put up their slaves in the days before the Civil War.

"I asked you to cut that dress differently," a girl protested the other day in a fashionable ladies' tailor shop.

At this, the tailor lifted his swarthy face and on it was depicted the fury that might be expected from an insulted monarch.

"It is I that make the dress, not you," he sneered, regardless of the pleading face bent above him, and determined to punish one who dared question, ever so slightly, his judgment.

"Of course," propitiated the lady, "if you think my figure is good enough for so close a cut—" and she stood vanquished, while the grubby hands of the bat-like little man explored her figure for wrinkles, protruding cavities.

"Do not stand like a sign post. Loosen the figure. Slump it. Eeh!" and the bastings down the front were ripped out with a smothered exclamation. Then the seam was quickly pinned and the suit removed.

"Shall I come tomorrow at this hour?"

"No," snapped the tailor. "Come at 4."

"But I have an engagement at 4. Won't the next morning do?"

"No. Come at 4."

The two women walked out.

"Will you come at 4?" asked the friend. "Surely you won't. If I were you I never would enter that

the shops are designed for smaller women. Besides, Mannheim treats some of his customers even worse than he treats me. You know Justine Burr. He actually makes unkind remarks about her short, dumpy figure. I have seen her come out of that fitting room in tears, and vowing she never would return. But she, even more than I, requires the special cut and style that only Mannheim can give."

"But why don't you go to some-one else?"

"Well, there is Borowstein, but he is worse, if anything—more ill-tempered. Besides, he has mustaches like those of the Kaiser, only they stick out much further, and he is near-sighted and awfully tall. When he is fitting the back of your neck, where the collar is always getting itself wrong, he leans so close that his sharp mustache tickles your neck."

**THE GRUBBY TAILOR A GENIUS TOO.**

"Excuse me, not mine, my dear Madeleine, and the pretty Marjorie shuddered with sympathy for the tickled ones, before she straightened her 'perfect thirty-six' indignantly and in the comfortable knowledge that all and sundry ready-made looked ravishing when she wore them.

Her friend smiled down from her extra height. "What was it you were telling me about the way Met-schitzsky used to rap your knuckles and even pull your hair when you studied the piano with him in Dresden? And didn't you say that you paid him \$20 a half hour for the privilege of being sworn at and even beaten?"

"But Met-schitzsky is a genius, and besides just rapping your knuckles isn't beating you. There were five hundred girls in Dresden who would have given twice the sum for the privilege of being sworn at by him, and they would have gone back to New York and bragged about it."

"I could give you the names of a dozen women who would give anything less than their hope of heaven if they could afford to have Mannheim make their suits. He is as much of a genius as your Met-schitzsky, every bit, and really it is worth it all when you come to think of what frights some women look. He certainly does turn one out beautifully. But, between us, Marjorie, I ever dared tell mother that he ordered me to go and buy a new corset one day. And I did it, too, before I went back for my second fitting. If I hadn't he would have raged furiously. Did you hear what he did to Mrs. Payne."

"She is dreadfully stout and nobody but Mannheim can make her look like anything but a barrel. She comes here twice a year for her suits. Last year she came up as usual, ordered two lovely suits from Mannheim and had the fittings fitted. In the evening came a telegram saying her mother had died suddenly. She telephoned a friend to go round to Mannheim in the morning and countermand the order for the suits, and tell him she would return shortly for two mourning suits. He was to let her know the amount of his loss on the suits ordered and she would pay him. Well, the friend never had been to a man tailor, and the next

**VARIETIES** of styles as worn by women, all of which are becoming, but which were more the thought of the dressmaker and tailor than of the wearer.

morning she walked in there and told Mannheim that Mrs. Payne had received a telegram, but he didn't let her finish. He simply raged and tore. Was it his fault, he asked, if the woman's mother had died. Was he to lose the value of the two suits merely because a woman in Oklahoma had passed away suddenly. Nein! Nein! The suits must be paid for in full and immediately or he would have recourse to the law. The poor little friend never had heard of the strange ethics of a ladies' tailor shop, and it was more than she could bear. She fled. And now she would wear the most grotesque garment ever offered at a Monday morning marked-down sale rather than trust herself inside Mannheim's shop."

**BROTHER PREVENTED FROM AIDING SISTER.**

"But you wouldn't." "You see, I'm used to his temper. We all get callous about it. And then nobody else makes such beautiful suits when he happens to be inspired. Though I must confess he isn't always inspired, and he is apt to regard all his work as simply above criticism. Mother insists on paying only a certain sum down on a suit and the remainder after she has worn it and is sure there are to be no alterations. It was three or four weeks before she found it convenient to wear her last new suit, and one day Mannheim called her over the phone and demanded payment—said he would sue her. But he didn't. And when she wore her suit, it did require alterations. Later she had the skirt shortened and a new lining put in the coat, all of which was to cost \$14. When the bill was presented it was for \$20. The suit was still in Mannheim's hands and he refused to deliver it unless mamma settled for the entire amount."

"I wouldn't have expected that of your mother."

"Nor I. But Mannheim has us all hypnotized. I was telling

brother Tom about it one day, or rather began to tell him, when he flamed up so that I wouldn't admit I ever had been treated the least bit rudely. He says it is a woman's fault if she is bullied—that every man is a cave man underneath his civilized skin, and that every woman is a cave woman when the veneer is rubbed off. He insists that women really like to be bullied, and that the foreigners know it and get their trade by bullying them. He declares that American men are fools for treating their women so decently.

"Of course, I argued it out to the last ditch, but really Marjorie, I believe he is right. If a woman isn't bullied she doesn't seem to think she is getting the worth of her money. Look at that new tailor. He talks so sweetly to his customers and makes some really beautiful suits, but nobody has a good word for him. They seem to think he cannot make a good-looking frock because he isn't a bear. They cannot believe their own eyes. I must confess that I, myself, have suspected that there was something wrong with his work, and yet I can not see that there is. But it seems so unnatural for a man tailor to be courteous and even propitiating. It does seem as if there must be something wrong with his work. Anyhow, he'll never get any reputation in this town, nor in any other, if what I guess is true."

"I guess you are right in a way," returned the traveled Marjorie. "Anyhow, you'll find that the new tailor will browbeat his customers so soon as he has any to spare. That is the way it is with the music masters abroad. As soon as a man has a reputation that will warrant it he becomes very exacting and cross. Of course, it is all laid to the artistic temperament, but I have noticed that the artistic temperament never is indulged until its owner can afford the luxury. But listen; why is it that American men do not browbeat their women or their customers, even after they have made loads of money?"

"Maybe," and the understanding face of Madeleine was illumined by an idea. "It is because they want more money."

**A Missionary to the Moros.**

After a year of missionary work among the warlike Moros, for which she gave up all the luxuries of Fifth avenue and Newport, Mrs. Lorrinda Spencer is coming back to the United States to procure new



Now, having accomplished the full purpose of her first year's work, she is on the way back from the interior of the island archipelago. Among the cruelest and most ferocious tribes with which our government has had to deal in its Philippine guardianship, she had founded her mission. She discussed her work with the greatest enthusiasm a few days ago in Manila, before taking a steamer for home.

"The Moros, if properly handled, are going to make a magnificent race of people," she said. "The Moro when he is bad is so very bad that it is only logical that he should be capable of reaching the opposite extreme. They are a wonderful people, and I hope that all my life I shall be able to show my interest in their welfare. When I decided to take up the work among them everyone said that I would accomplish nothing; that they were savages at heart and not susceptible to the mellowing influences of Christianity."

"I was warned that it was unsafe even for armed men to go among them, and that it would be folly for me to mingle with them. These warnings were prompted by a misunderstanding of the real character of the Moro people. It seems like the fulfillment of a cherished dream to know that I have been able to make friends—real friends—among these same Moros."

"I have achieved the initial object of my visit to them and have arrived at the vantage ground from which I shall be able to carry out the work which I and my associates have undertaken among them. We have gained their confidence. That we have really got upon that intimate ground with them has been demonstrated to us in many ways during the last several months, and it was impressed upon me by a parting message from those among whom I have been working as I left them. Through our interpreter, Omar Basie, a large company of Moro friends assembled to bid me goodspeed when our boat left Jolo."

After the death of her husband about three years ago, Mrs. Spencer turned her attention from the social life almost entirely to the work of the home and foreign missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Then after a time came her decision to take up actual missionary work in one of the most dangerous regions.

Mrs. Spencer was at the time of her marriage in 1882 one of the most beautiful women in America. She was Caroline S. Berryman, a granddaughter of Stephen Whitney, one of the famous old-time merchants of New York. To the strength of social position which came from birth and beauty, her husband's wealth and standing added still further. Upon his death the bulk of his fortune went to his wife. Her name has always been prominent in charitable movements and work for the aid of the stricken.

**A Ray of Hope.**

The Family Man—The cost of everything is increasing at a terrible rate.

The Military Expert—Not everything is going to the dogs. According to statistics in former wars it cost \$10,000 to kill a man, but now, with improved ordnance and ammunition, it can be done for one-third of that.—Puck.